F. Freedman

BELLEVUE AND ALLIED HOSPITALS

~~TUBERCULOSIS DIVISION~~ O.P.D.

BELLEVUE HOSPITAL
EAST 26TH STREET
NEW YORK

NEW YORK, N.Y. MAR 14 3 PM 1919 3 MADISON SQ.

Joseph M. Freedman, Atty,
45 Goodbar Building
Memphis, Tenn.

7-3-18-B

GEORGE O'HANLON, M. D.
GENERAL MEDICAL SUPERINTENDENT
MARK L. FLEMING, M. D.
ASSISTANT SUPERINTENDENT
MISS SARA E. SHAW
NURSE IN CHARGE

BELLEVUE AND ALLIED HOSPITALS

SOCIAL SERVICE DEPARTMENT
TUBERCULOSIS DIVISION
JAMES ALEXANDER MILLER, M. D., DIRECTOR

BELLEVUE HOSPITAL

FIRST AVENUE AND 26TH STREET
NEW YORK CITY

March 1st, 1919.

Precious Hubby: —

Just first received your thingy letter of Wednesday, and here I expected a big fat one in answer to my Monday's letter. The mail must have been delayed a day at your end. Hope I get the big fat one to-morrow.

Precious, I was so happy when I read about that case in which you expect to make 100% that the tears just sprang into my eyes. Dear, I am so happy - so is wonderful! I do hope, love that it keeps up. I am sure it will. Are you any idea who this influential man in the mesquite order is? Hope, love, that he does something, too, to help you along.

Br-r-r-r- but it sure is cold out. Snowing as though it means a blizzard! After all the nice warm weather we have had this week. You might think its Friday and I am going off early. Can you equal that? No use talking, I have no pull with this weather man!

I thought I told you last week, that I would write your big letter on Monday. Perhaps it slipped my mind. Will write you a big one again coming Monday if all is well. When I am home, on Sunday it is almost next to impossible to write much, and then, too, I am usually sewing and find very little time.

Congratulations to get up to your mothers to-day as I have so much to talk over with her. I called up my mother last night and she told me she took a run up yesterday

afternoon to see your mother. Was very happy to hear it. I have your written to my mother yet? Do so, honey, will you? Some evening or night when you are not busy, it will not take you long.

I must not precious, write you too long a letter as I am getting you spoiled. I write big ones and you answer with stuggy tiny short ones. Isn't fair. I guess you are too busy with the lady clients in your cases to write a very much to your wifie, who is pining away with neglect cause no one looks her. So, I am going to bed right now with all my lark bugs and I wish (to my mother cause she is the only one who looks me). Love, precious is a big big kiss and a tight smothering squeeze to you, my darling precious hubby.

Everlasingly
Your Toots.